TO NO THI NG

01

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Designed in the void

NOTE

Life is paradoxical. We come from nothing. We'll go back to nothing. But between those two, there is a space of being nothing, which is life. I believe that being nothing is the most honest condition of existence. We want to dwell with nothingness gracefully and still be able to fall in love with the remnants of light.

– To Nothing

BEING NOTHING

POETRY

TO NOTHING

IF I WERE NOT SOMEONE ELSE

Fallen from a place where
problems arise from unrest
that turns
into a joke

The flow of thought moves in line with
human nature
where should I take these dreams
I once promised to myself

a conscious soul is not always seen
a rejection of schemes that always seem
to benefit the ego

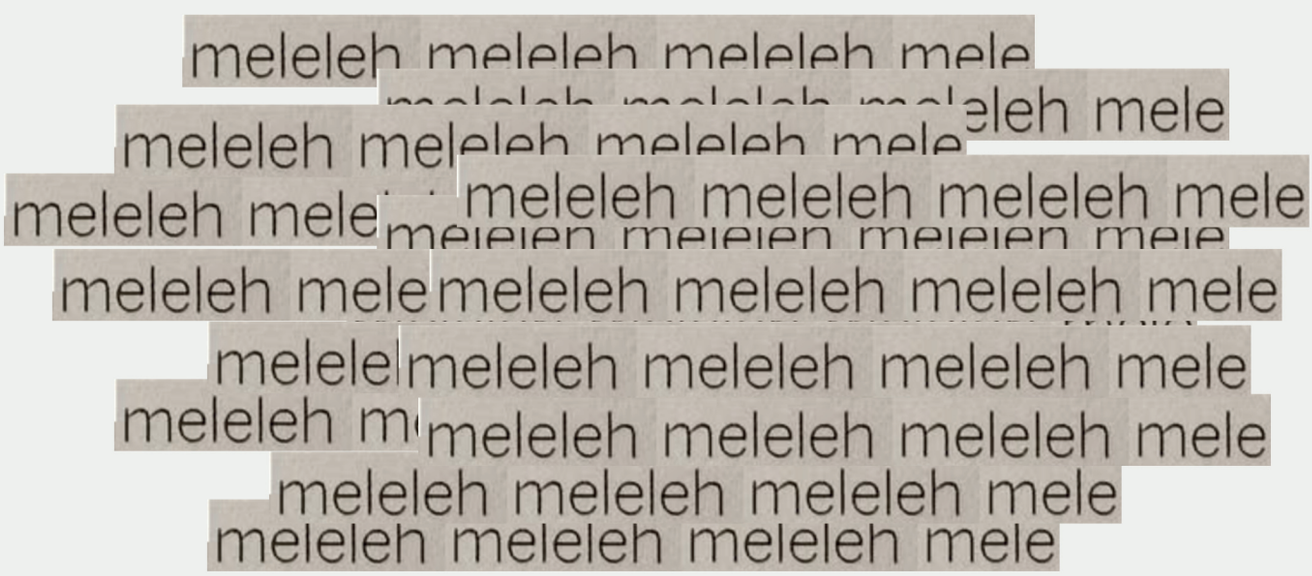
so where am I going?
is this an escape?

even the fragments of letters I write mean nothing
if they can't change my life

then what else can I seek from this world?

–Awe Pramudiya

POETRY



MELELEH

TO NOTHING

berbaris rapi dan lurus

“di antara gerombolan yang saling bermusuhan?”

“di antara gerombolan yang saling bermusuhan.”

“di antara ambang kehancuran?”

“di antara ambang kehancuran.”

Bulan sepotong semangka meleleh
Langit meleleh
Semburat cahaya meleleh
Udara meleleh
Dataran tandus meleleh
Batu-batu meleleh
Rumpu-rumput meleleh
Matahari meleleh
Awan meleleh
Gedung-gedung meleleh
Puing-puing meleleh
Senapan-senapan meleleh

Jurang Disperării

POETRY

TO NOTHING

EL HUMANO ESTABA
CALLADO, DIJO.

estar solo ya no se trata de perder,
sino de encontrar un espacio
que antes siempre evitabas.
entre el silencio que se alarga,
ya no hay voces que chocan entre sí,
ni exigencias de explicar lo que sientes,
todo avanza despacio,
como el tiempo que por fin aprende a ser paciente.
la noche llega sin ruido,
trayendo una oscuridad que no asusta,
sino que abriga,
como un abrazo que no se ve.
allí,
te sientas contigo mismo,
sin máscaras, sin excusas,
solo queda la honestidad desnuda.
los pensamientos que antes eran caos
poco a poco se inclinan,
como olas cansadas de golpear la orilla,
y que al final deciden volver.
la soledad ya no es un vacío,
ni un abismo que devora,
sino un lugar al que volver,
que nunca supiste que tenías.
la calma es extraña,
no llega con respuestas,
no trae certezas,
solo ofrece una aceptación
que crece lentamente.
empiezas a entender,
no todas las heridas deben sanar hoy,
no todos los anhelos deben cumplirse,
y no toda pérdida es un final.
hay algo que permanece,
aunque todo se haya ido,
hay algo que sigue entero,
aunque el mundo se haya roto mil veces.
eres tú.
el que calla,
el que resiste,
el que aprende a reconciliarse sin ruido.
y en ese punto,
la soledad cambia de forma,
se convierte en una calma profunda,
en un hogar que ya no se siente ajeno.

Shesha.

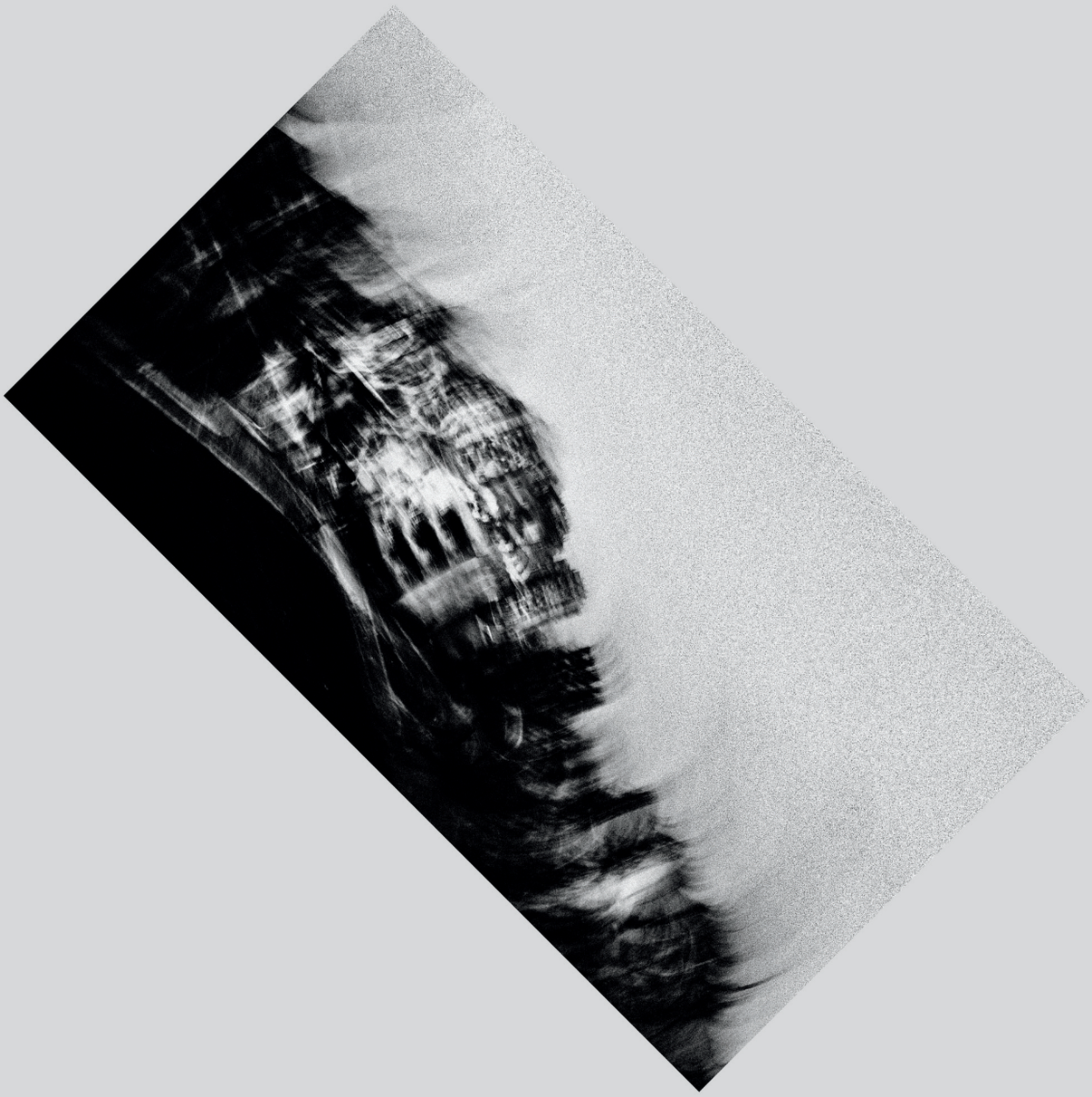
POETRY

BANGUN PAGI

Ku buka jendela pagi ini
dan cahaya matahari muntah tepat ke mukaku.
Bukan hangat, seperti ejekan dari langit yang terlalu
tinggi tuk dijangkau kaki telanjangku
yang belum pernah menyentuh ubin marmer.
Di televisi, terdengar mereka berdebat soal moral
sambil ngunyah steak seharga satu bulan kontrakanku.
Padahal moral ataupun norma itu ditulis oleh
tangan-tangan yang onani sebelum tidur.
Jalanan jadi kitab suci yang kulafalkan dengan sepatu
sobek dan kaos kaki bolong.
Setiap lubang got adalah ayat baru,
tentang bergelimangnya dosa-dosa
yang dibungkus plastik ramah lingkungan.
Kau tahu apa itu kemiskinan?
Itu saat kau tahu cara membuat molotov
sebelum tahu cara daftar beasiswa.
Itu saat kau lebih paham cara kabur dari razia
ketimbang menyebut nama lengkap menteri pendidikan.
Ayah kabur sejak aku kecil
dan ibu hidup setengah mati, menggoreng sisa
harapan dengan minyak yang dipakai berkali-kali.
Aku tumbuh diasuh propaganda,
bercinta dengan kemarahan,
bertemu Tuhan di toilet umum, sontak berkata:
“Hei sialan, kalau kau benar ada, jangan cuma nonton”

Volver

POETRY



TO NOTHING

THE GROUND I STEP ON

Truly... I am grateful for the ground I walk on now. The light and darkness of the world bear the marks of my steps. The good and bad I call out to are like grains of ash that have burned away and become nothing.

Ah, it's normal. Since childhood, I've been hurt by him. But it's not because I feel unappreciated. Instead, I feel like it's all just a mirage of my own fault. So is all the pain I've felt really true?

If so, I'll see you tomorrow at 4 p.m., until the sun sets. We'll definitely have fun, running around chasing what we used to chase back then.

Shesha

PROSE

TO NOTHING

I WAS READY TO LOVE

Such has been my lot since childhood. Everyone read signs of non-existent evil traits in my features. But since they were expected to be there, they did make appearance. Because I was reserved, they said I was sly, so I grew reticent. I was keenly aware of good and evil, but instead of being indulged I was insulted and so I became spiteful. I was sulky while other children were merry and talkative, but though I felt superior to them I was considered inferior. So I grew envious. I was ready to love the whole world, but no one understood me, and I learned to hate. My cheerless youth passed in conflict with my self and society, and fearing ridicule I buried my finest feelings deep in my heart, and there they died. I spoke the truth, but nobody believed me, so I began practice duplicity. Having come to know society and it mainsprings, became versed in the art of living and saw how others were happy without that proficiency, enjoying for free the favors I had so painfully striven for. It was then that despair was born in my heart--not the despair that is cured with a pistol, but a cold, impotent desperation, concealed under a polite exterior and a good-natured smile. I became a moral crippler; I had lost one half of my soul, for it had shriveled, dried up and died, and I had cut it off and cast it away, while the other half stirred and lived, adapted to serve every comer: No one noticed this, becuse no one suspected there had been another half. Now, however, you have awakened memories of it in me, and what I have just done is to read its epitaph to you. Many regard all epitaph as ridiculous, but I don’t, particulary when I remember what rests beneath them.

POETRY

ANAK-ANAK YANG CERIA

MELUMAT HABIS

anak-anak berlarian dengan ceria
setelah melempari pintu rumah
tetangga,

lalu menghina para orang tua
yang memarahi kelakuan mereka.

untuk menghilangkan dahaga
pergi mereka ke kebun mencuri
kelapa,

dan untuk menghilangkan lapar
mereka mencuri singkong untuk
dibakar.

anak-anak berlarian dengan ceria
setelah memperkosa gadis remaja,

anak-anak berlarian dengan ceria
dengan wajah tak berdosa.

angin kencang membawa hujan
pada tanah yang coklat gersang
disingkapnya kekeringan
bunga-bunga pun bermekaran.

padi-padi menyembul
menggantikan bunga-bunga
tetapi dengan cepat manusia
melumat habis semuanya.

Jurang Disperării

POETRY

TO NOTHING

BLOOMS

Amidst a field blooming without hesitation,
tiny fingers mischievously explore among the
dancing grasses.
Every petal I pluck seems to hold a whisper of
light, stealing a piece of the spring sky and
holding it in my palm.

Like a childhood secret I've nearly forgotten,
when laughter was lighter than a single leaf,
and no wounds had yet been etched into the
crevices of my heart.
I hear the earth's whisper calling softly,
inviting me back to that afternoon long ago,
when my own shadow felt like enough of a
companion.

Time, which now races by in a hurry,
once simply lingered by my side, patiently
crouching, waiting for me to choose the flower
that most resembled my mother's smile.

And perhaps,
among the soft fragrance clinging to my fingers,
there are small prayers never fully spoken,
about longing that grows without warning,
about the warmth I always find
in every petal that blooms in my memory.

Amethyst

BEING NOTHING

TO NOTHING 01